

BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

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Charles H. Moore
Editor

At the Breakfast Table at Sam's.—The Nude in Nature.

The Doctor looked banged up about the eyes and talked bass, and said he felt meaner than a dog. I said, "What's up?" He said, "Went to a leg show last night at the Opera House." Said I, "young man you are coming, you are getting older every day you live."

Then we got to talking about the "Nude in Nature." It's a settle fact that they are going to have it "in art"—"Mrs. Hart" in the court house rotunda settled that hash, and now the fight is coming on as to whether they are going to have it "in nature."

May be the moss is sprouting on my back, but I am doubtful about the first and square out foremost the latter.

I hear that a minister and his wife got up and walked out of the house at the Doctor's anatomical show.

I give him credit for it.

I reckon nobody is going to charge me with being a Puritan dead gone on the "Blue days" of Connecticut, but I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, we ought to draw the line somewhere on this racket.

I just dearly love the Opera and I don't care how funny you make it so that you keep it pure. I've seen the Can-Can (don't for pity's sake, mistake that for Con-Con) in Paris and the original "Black Crook" at Niblo's Garden, and I have seen some first

sources on the Doctor's stomach, cured me of sucking eggs, and I have never taken any of it in mine since I used to do it professionally as a newspaper reporter.

The only two sweethearts that I have had since I was a married man are "Dolly Varden," and Emma Abbott.

She's dead, they say, but I'll bet butternut she's still a singing with a harp accompaniment by the angels, and if she rings in a few bars from the "Moon Song" in "Mikado," they'll have to stir themselves to get away with her. I shall never forget that scene in her dressing room that I have written you about when she set me down in her open trunk full of diamonds—\$100,000 worth if they were worth a nickel—and between her eyes in "Mikado," when the people laughed and cried and shouted and applauded and almost buried the little woman in flowers, she still had time to tell me, a newspaper reporter, in the most entrancing snatches and broken doses, how she rose up in church and skinned that preacher in Nashville, who lampooned her not knowing that she was present, and mailed his prehensile hands, riddled until it would not hold shunks, on the gable end of history to dry, a warning to preachers that they ought to know who they are preaching to when they preach.

But you never got "Miss Emma," into tight, and when at a critical time, in the beginning of her career, she broke a big engagement with a big manager because she would not get into them, she had sounded the key-note of the career which immortalized her.

When, in Shakespeare, sweet "Rosalind" comes out in tight, that the very essence of the play demands that's all right and fitting and proper.

Under such circumstances a pretty woman's ankle, with great latitude—yes, and *longitude*—at tached to the meaning of the word, is not a thing to be sneezed at, but when in the otherwise sweet "H. M. S. Pinafore," they go out of the way to pander to the gross appetite of the peanut gallery by representing young midshipmen by pretty girls in tight, when the greatest hind lubber in the world knows that a sailor always wants the biggest breeches he can get, it makes me tired, and, like the Doctor, when it's all

over I feel like I have compromised myself.

No, "Miss Emma" wasn't fast, so that the boys could say "Whom Emma," and while she talked to me she was wrapped from her throat to the tips of the turned up toes of her Japanese shoes in the most gorgeously decorated—with gold and pearls and diamonds—velvet Japanese robes that cost money by the thousands.

It did look too utterly too too funny for anything on earth, to see that little woman penning away as earnestly as a Methodist at a High Bridge Camp meeting, with her face all painted up and the big Japanese hair pins sticking through her hair, but I wouldn't have laughed for a thousand dollars though I liketer bustled.

Talk about a woman having brains!

The combined cerebral force of Billy Breckinridge, Jo Blackburn and John G. Carlisle could not have done it.

Last night when the moon was shining full, and the earth was all fresh from the rain, I homed one of the open electric cars and took that circle through the fair grounds.

It beats a gondola in Venice.

Now let me give you gentlemen of the Fair Association and of the Electric railway a pointer. There's millions in it.

Go out to the Fair ground and build inside of the big enclosure that the trotting track runs around, just across the track from the electric road, an "Auditorium," one story high, that will hold 5,000 people, and gives us, at the very cheapest kind of rates, lectures and dramatic entertainments that shall be as pretty and funny as the dickens, but rigidly draw the line at the indecent, and give me an advertisement in the Blade and I will fill it chuck full, and I will make nearly every preacher in town go and take "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts"—don't know about his

Dr. J. D. Smith of Paducah, Criticizes Dr. David Barrow of Lexington on Wine at the approaching Medical Meeting in this City.

PADUCAH, KY., April, 1891.

To the Bluegrass Blade.
Eighteen years ago the annual meeting of the Kentucky State Medical Society was held in this city, and my written history tells us that and my written history tells us that the meeting wound up with a wine supper, from which some of the members went to their quarters in poor plight for examining and prescribing for the sick.

Four years ago the Society met here again, and, by an extra effort on the part of a few of us, alcoholic liquors were ruled out of the program.

Dissatisfaction at this was expressed by some of the members, and at the close of the meeting rumor said that more care would be exercised in selecting committees of arrangements in the future so that such a mistake might not be made again.

Of course the mistake was not made again the next year, because it was guarded against from the beginning.

One year ago the society met at the neighboring city of Henderson, and the writer addressed a note to the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Dr. Fletcher of that place, to know if intoxicating liquors would be introduced as a part of the program, so that he might know whether to arrange his business so as to attend the meeting.

Dr. Fletcher replied that the question of introducing alcoholic liquors as a part of the program for the meeting had not been settled by the committee, but that when settled he would write again.

No further communication was received from the Doctor, and hence the writer did not attend.

On the 16th of March, ult., the following circular was received which explains itself.

THE MEETING OF THE KENTUCKY STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY.

LEXINGTON, KY., March 2, '91.

Dear Doctor:

It is my pleasure to announce that the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the Kentucky State Medical Society, will be held in this city on May 27th, 28th and 29th prox.

We trust that you will make a reasonable sacrifice to attend this meeting, which we promise will be full of practical interest and high order of work; and, socially, everything will be done for the comfort and pleasure of the members.

We also, invite all regular physicians, in good standing in this Commonwealth to ally themselves with this Society, and earnestly work for its promotion and success.

It is your intention to read a paper, send its title, at an early date, to the Permanent Secretary, Dr. Steele Bailey, Standford, Ky., so that the program may be advantageously arranged.

Reports of the proceedings will be made by a competent stenographer, and abstracts of all papers, with the discussions, will appear at once, in the leading Medical Journals.

We again urge you to come. Respectfully,
DAVID BARROW, M. D.
Chairman, Com. of Arrangements.

To which the following reply was sent.

PADUCAH, KY., March 16, '91.
Dr. David Barrow, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, Lexington.

My Dear Sir:
Your circular announcing May 27, 28 and 29th as the time fixed for the Annual Meeting of the Kentucky State Medical Society is to hand, in which you say, "and, socially, everything will be done for the comfort and the pleasure of the members."

Does this mean, Doctor, that alcoholic liquors in any form, will be a part of that social program? I don't know that I shall be

indie liquors are to be served as a part of the social, or any other program, I shall certainly not be present.

It is true that in many localities those who use these beverages step to the front, and claim the right of way in scientific, as well as political organizations. But it is equally true that those who do not use them, nor approve of their use socially have a right to silently enter their protest against the tyranny which seems to be inherent in their use, and in the traffic that furnishes them, by absenting themselves from the places and occasions where they are to be made a part of the social program.

I am, my dear Sir, Yours fraternally,
J. D. SMITH, M. D.

To which the following reply was received.

LEXINGTON, KY., March 17, '91.
Dr. J. D. Smith, Paducah, Ky.

Dear Doctor:
Your letter of March 16th, just received. Alcoholic drinks will not be a special feature of our entertainment.

We will have a banquet on the night of the 28th of May, and on that occasion wine will flow freely. Hope you can be with us.

Yours truly,
DAVID BARROW.

But, says one, what is all this about?

There is just this in it. In many places there are certain privileges and courtesies not extended to the physician unless he becomes a member of one or more medical societies.

On becoming a member he is expected, and in the Kentucky State Medical Society he is required, to pay his annual dues to meet the expenses of the society, or forfeit his membership.

The lovers of wine and patrons of the saloon, either by a little strategy or actual majorities, manage to thrust liquors into some part of the program at the meetings of these societies, and thereby force the sober element out, or compel them to be present and thereby endorse liquor drinking and its attendant evils.

The writer for one, stays out, and will continue to do so at all hazards and at any sacrifice.

His mind now rests on a case that impressed him very profoundly; and which he will likely not forget. An eminent physician wrote, and published in pamphlet form, a defense of the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage; on the plea of the enjoyment their use afforded. That pamphlet was thrust into the face of the writer because of the position he occupied on the question. It was accepted, carefully read, and the broad margins of every page covered with critical notes, and the pamphlet returned to the owner.

The author has, but one son, and had raised and taught him in the practice of his pamphlet's theory.

This son, probably inheriting an unstable constitution as the result of the regular, but moderate drinking habit of his father, became a drunkard and because of a remonstrance of his father for his conduct while intoxicated, sent a bullet crashing through his own brain, and appeared in the presence of his God for judgment as to whether he or his father was responsible for the act.

The writer has seven sons still living, all now grown. They are the indirect, and the writer the direct, offspring of a liquor drinking ancestry. They have all been taught to abhor the wine cup above everything else; to look upon it as a deceiver and upon those who are deceived by it as unwise. And yet the father of these young men, all sober; industrious and honorable, is called upon to meet a body of grave medical gentlemen in the city of Lexington, and give them in a banquet that would give the lie to the teachings of his whole life, or else be left on the outside and be branded as an "social crank."

True this has no influence with the writer, but it is so with many of the younger generation of the profession. A large number of these young men have been well

sober parents, have entered the medical profession because of the supposed honor attached to it. They have been graduated in the profession, and then told by their teachers that they cannot expect to receive its courtesies unless they join its societies. And there, when they attend the meeting of these societies, they are debauched by wine sappers thrust upon them by older members, and sometimes by their teachers, who know, and ought to do, better.

Frequently the aid of fair woman is invoked in the accomplishment of this diabolical work; and while with their own hands they extend the wine cup to new beginners in the school of vice, others of their victims more advanced in the curriculum of said school, are not infrequently to be found reveling in the near by gambling hell or brothel. And then, as if to add insult to injury, these same good women will go next day, and offer charity to the neglected wives, mothers, sisters and children of those whom they, or other women like them, have helped to debauch with liquor and start on the road to ruin.

If an excuse is asked for the severity of this arraignment, the reply is that there is no class of men on earth who know better the terrible effects of liquor drinking than the medical profession, and no class of people on earth who suffer half so much from its indirect effects as women and their helpless offspring. Hence nothing but the most reckless disregard of the common instincts of humanity could lead these two elements of society to combine for the purpose of encouraging and perpetuating the habit.

It is not necessary for an intelligent and observing physician, or a cultivated lady, to stop to think of a heaven or a hell, or of future rewards and punishments, in order to shrink from such a responsibility. If the destruction, misery and woe, of even their far off kith and kin, brought about by the habit is not sufficient to deter them, it is not likely that even the contemplation of the joys of heaven or the horrors of hell, would arouse their blunted sensibilities.

Desperate cases need desperate remedies; hence the pointedness of this arraignment.

Respectfully,
J. D. SMITH.

A Washington Judge Calls to see me and Talks About Col. Ingersoll's Dead Brother, et al.

A few minutes before I write a most elegant and accomplished gentleman that I had never met before called at my office to pay me for his paper, and to talk with me.

He is a Judge who for years has practiced law in Washington City, and of course I felt complimented.

He is a reader of The Arena, and sketched over the article of Rev. J. W. McGarvey of our city in the May issue, that lay upon my table, with a view to reading it more carefully. He knew of Rev. McGarvey, said he was a scholar and a man of capacity but needed a little spreading out.

The Judge said that the brother of Col. Ingersoll, over whom the Colonel delivered that famous funeral oration, used frequently to come to his office and play euchre, (the Judge did not play himself) but, he said, that the dear Ingersoll was not a man of any special capacity, but was merely a jolly rollicking, good natured man.

The Judge is the intimate personal friend of Rev's Robert Colyer—one of my "Four Bobs"—and David Swing, and has been in the habit of going fishing with Colyer. He says he is a splendid companion.

The Judge was born in Maine and is a good Prohibitionist, but he abominates Talmage and Sam Jones. He likes old Brother Beecher.

Talmage and Sam are mighty good Prohibitionists, and that fact "covers a multitude of sins" with me, but it bugs me to swallow either of them.

The "Reporter" Not in It.

Kentucky has now four Prohibition papers. The Blue Grass Blade, of Louisville; The Worker, of Cincinnati; and "The Reporter," of Somerset.—New York Voice.

All of these except the Reporter are truly loyal Prohibition papers; but I do not think that one ought to claim to be such. Excepting a series of editorials which have appeared in the Reporter the purpose of which is to impress upon its readers that I am an infidel, there has not for a number of issues been in the Reporter any allusion in any way to the Prohibition cause, nor to any temperance work of any kind, nor do I remember to have seen in it any advocacy of any kind of morals.

To assure the public that I am accurate in my statement, I hereby call the attention of the Southern Journal and of the Worker to the fact that it will be their duty to the Reporter to correct my statement if what I say about it is not true.

The editor of the Reporter was in the Confederate army, and his paper is edited in a Republican county.

As far as I can determine its politics it seems to be Democratic.

Its editor may be a Prohibitionist, but I do not see how a man can be much of a Prohibitionist and edit a newspaper without saying notice of Prohibition meetings and other Prohibition matters as the Reporter does not.

The Georgetown Times, for instance, that is a leading Democratic paper gives unstinted space to Prohibition writers, and many of the best Democratic papers in the Bluegrass Kingdom give kindly notice of Prohibition meetings and other Prohibition matters as the Reporter does not.

I think it is misleading to allude to the Reporter as a Prohibition paper.

Its editor says his is not a partisan paper, and I cannot conceive of a Prohibition paper that is not partisan.

I do not suppose that the editor of the Reporter claims to edit a Prohibition paper.

He has shown great opposition to me and my paper; but of that I do not complain, because I think that is the editor's idea of religion, and there is as good reason to suppose he is conscientious in the matter as there generally is in such cases.

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they are worth 80c.

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above, 22c.; worth 40c.

Ladies' Walking Skirts, deep Cambie ruffle, at 40c.; worth 75c.

New Spring Undershirts for Ladies and Gents. We were fortunate in securing

many cases of Ladies' Cotton, Lisle and Silk Hosiery, in both black and fancy, prior

to the going into effect of the administrative bill, and our prices thereon will

show how these early purchasers benefit our customers.

Ladies' regular made fast black Hose, regular price now 35c.; we still have

them marked 25c.

Ladies' black and colored Lisle Hose, worth 60c.; we still offer them at 40c.

Ladies' fancy striped Cotton Hose, best patterns, costing you now 40c.; still

marked at 20c.

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Colgate Turkish Bath Soap, a full dozen for 50c.; 4711 Glycerine, different

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at 10c.; Ammonia, for household purposes, only 10c. per quart bottle.

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Charles C. Moore
Editor

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One Year, 52 insertions.	Six Months, 26 insertions.	Three Months, 13 insertions.	Two Months, Eight insertions.	One Month, Four insertions.	Three insertions.	Two insertions.	Single insertion.
10 lines.	\$10.00	\$6.00	\$4.00	\$3.00	\$2.00	\$1.50	\$1.00	.75
20 lines.	18.00	11.00	7.00	5.00	3.00	2.25	1.50	1.00
30 lines.	25.00	15.00	10.00	7.00	4.00	3.00	2.00	1.25
40 lines.	32.00	19.00	13.00	9.00	5.00	3.75	2.50	1.50
50 lines.	39.00	23.00	16.00	11.00	6.00	4.50	3.00	1.75
60 lines.	46.00	27.00	19.00	13.00	7.00	5.25	3.50	2.00
70 lines.	53.00	31.00	22.00	15.00	8.00	6.00	4.00	2.25
80 lines.	60.00	35.00	25.00	17.00	9.00	6.75	4.50	2.50
90 lines.	67.00	39.00	28.00	19.00	10.00	7.50	5.00	2.75
100 lines.	74.00	43.00	31.00	21.00	11.00	8.25	5.50	3.00

To All to Whom the Blade May Come, Greeting.

The Blade is only sent to such persons as it is hoped will be willing to pay for it, and every one to whom it comes is regarded as owing for it unless he has received a receipt for it. If he continues to take it out of the office,

The names of the persons to whom the Blade goes are either furnished by some acquaintance of theirs or the parties are, from some circumstance known to the editor, such as are supposed to be willing to pay for the paper.

In all cases where friends pay for the Blade when it is sent to others, the parties receiving the paper are notified of this fact.

All persons to whom the Blade may come are respectfully asked to receive only as many numbers of it as will inform them of the character of the paper, and then either pay for it, or notify the editor that they do not want it, or leave it in the office and ask the postmaster to inform the editor that it is not wanted.

The regular price of the Blade is \$2 a year, but in instances where persons regard themselves as too poor to afford that, it will be sent for \$1 a year if the person wanting it will notify the editor that he desires to take advantage of the rate for poor people.

I do not approve of that newspaper law that makes a man liable for the subscription price of a paper if he takes it out of the postoffice, when it has been sent to him without his order, and I will not take advantage of it.

Hoping that the public will take pains to observe this regulation, I am

Fraternally Yours,
CHARLES C. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Rev. McGarvey's Paper in the May Number of "The Arena."

The May number of the Arena contains an article the caption of which is "The New Testament Doctrine of Inspiration." By Prof. J. W. McGarvey, D. D., of the University of Kentucky.

At the conclusion of his article he says, "If I have in any particular misrepresented the doctrine of inspiration set forth on the pages of the New Testament, I shall be greatly indebted to any one who will correct me."

Rev. McGarvey and I received our theological training at the same school, and we were ordained to the ministry by the imposition of the same hands; they being those of the highest authority in the church with which he is now, and I have been, connected.

Assuming that he is candid in the request which I have quoted, I most respectfully ask permission to criticize his argument, recognizing him, as the result of his scholarship, natural equity and advantages of travel in the Orient, as the most competent theologian in the state of Kentucky, and as second to none of whom I personally know.

It is a fact that I left the ministry as a result of the reading of books that Rev. McGarvey loaned me from his own theological library, and that we have each quoted these same books as authorities when each of us has written a book, bearing upon the inspiration of the Scriptures.

I do not say that Rev. McGarvey has "misrepresented the doctrine of inspiration set forth on the pages of the New Testament."

I beg leave to suggest that there is no "doctrine of inspiration" thus "set forth."

This assumes that "inspiration," as used in this connection, means the infallible supernatural guidance of the writers of the New Testament, both as to the letter and the spirit of what is written.

Any claim of inspiration short of this is not worth discussing.

In order to any theory of inspiration that may justly be regarded as an infallible guide as to the alleged mind of the alleged supernatural guiding agency it must be presumed, not only that the writer must have what Luke calls a "perfect understanding" of the things whereof he writes, but that the exact words that he uses must be the only words, either in the original language used, or their exact equivalent in some language into which they may be translated, which will express, in the given instance, the mind of the presumed supernatural author of the inspiration.

The most absolute "plenary" inspiration, is the only view of the subject that we can entertain in order to make any fair and square issue.

Partial inspiration is *per se*, essentially and intrinsically, as much a contradiction of terms as a partial circle, or the partial parallelism of two lines. If it be determined that the Greek original of the New Testament excepting the synoptic of Matthew, and the Hebrew original of that, are inspired, inspiration cannot then be claimed of our canonized New Testament until it be conceded that the English language possesses the exact equivalent of all the Greek and Hebrew words in the manuscripts from which our New Testament was compiled, and that King James' translators have, without failure in one single instance, selected these counterparts.

So that the accuracy and authenticity of our current New Testament must as much presuppose the inspiration of King James' translators as they do the inspiration of the original writers.

As soon as the theory of partial inspiration is admitted, not only would we to some extent, warrant the claim of inspiration for the leaders of modern religious sects, by their devotees, but literary enthusiasts would claim it for Shakespeare or Milton, Byron or Voltaire, to the inextricable confusion of the world.

The great purpose of the supposed inspiration would not only be the infallible guidance of those who wrote, but the knowledge of those who might read that this infallible guidance had attended the writing of that which they read.

The entire value of the infallibility of the supposed supernatural guidance would be destroyed unless those who read might know, and did know, that such supernatural infallible guidance had attended the writing of that which they read.

While therefore it must be admitted that the statement, to that effect, of the alleged inspired writers could not *per se* be incontestible evidence of such guidance, it must be admitted that nobody could know or even intelligently believe that these writings had been supernaturally overruled unless the writers themselves so stated.

As the perfect understanding and reception of this alleged fact about inspiration would be the pivotal point of the interest of the whole New Testament, and any lack of perspicuity upon this point would be a compromise of the credibility of the New Testament scriptures, the writers of the different books of the New Testament must be expected to state somewhere in each of those books that they are thus inspired.

In answer therefore to the argument of Rev. McGarvey I most respectfully submit that he can not find in each of those books a statement of its author, even as plain as ordinary writers commonly express themselves, that in the writing of this book the author of it was so miraculously controlled that he could not, or at least did not, make a single error in the statements contained in it.

If Rev. McGarvey deems my comment worthy of notice, I would be glad that he would, without note or comment, quote the alleged claims of inspiration.

On the other hand, Luke plainly offers as the reason why men should accept his version of the gospel, the fact that he had "perfect understanding of the things which are most assuredly believed among his people, and says, as plainly as a man could say anything *inferred*, that he wrote from the traditions of the church.

John offers, as evidence of the accuracy of what he says, that he personally witnessed the things whereof he deposes; Matthew seems to be writing from memory of what he saw and heard, just as Boswell writes about Johnson, or Rev. Dr. Dabney writes about Stonewall Jackson, and Mark could not have written from memory;

nor; neither the author of the fourth gospel nor the authors of the synoptics, allude to anything like a supernatural guidance of their utterances.

In the Epistles, Paul says, "I speak as a fool" and "think I have the mind of the spirit." I quote from memory not having read them for years. Expressions absolutely incompatible with the claim of inspiration.

Again it is simply impossible to conceive how Paul could have been inspired in that sentence in which he says to Timothy, "Bring with thee the cloak that I left at Troas," simply because a man can not be inspired to say that which he already knows and which his bodily comfort dictates that he should say.

I deny that my views upon this subject are in any way calculated to demoralize, or to make men any less earnest Christians.

My own personal experience is that just in the ratio that I have divested myself of the view of inspiration entertained by Rev. McGarvey, have I increased my intelligent zeal to carry into actual practical life the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth; and this is the admitted experience of others upon whom I have exercised an influence by my reasonings upon this subject.

Dr. Chinn Endorses the Blade on the Charity Ball. The Kindergarten in Gambling.

Editor of the Blade.

I heartily endorse all you have said about the Charity Ball.

I have been satisfied for years that the greatest obstacle in the way of Religion and Prohibition, is what is called *Society dancing* and *Progressive Euchre parties*, and, what may seem strange, many of the advocates of the above practices are members of some church. But so far as I am informed none such ever attended a meeting for the suppression of the liquor traffic; the enemy of the God they profess to worship, and the destroyer of the peace, morality and happiness at large.

What astounds me most is that but few of the preachers have the courage to denounce such practice; and, until they do so, such practice will go on regardless of consequences, and I honestly believe the preachers will be held responsible.

I see from The News, a paper published in Lexington, Missouri, that a Presbyterian Judge has for three years instructed the Grand Jury to report all Progressive Euchre players as violators of the law.

If gambling is the same in every state why is it that such decisions are not common?

Truly Yours,
J. G. Chinn.

Dr. Chinn is right on the Progressive Euchre business. I do not remember ever to have seen, but one deck of cards in my father's house. My sister, about twelve years old, brought them home with her from a school where she was boarding. She was about half way through the first "deal" in the first lesson in cards that I undertook. My mother came along raked in the pile, and, without note or comment, stuck them in the fire.

She beat the deck. I never resumed that game until I was a college boy in my Senior year.

Some of my chums, against my earnest protest, prevailed on me to sit down at a card table and learn the game. I sat down, but I had the right kind of blood in me and had been "raised" right. When I got just to the point I had gotten with my sister some years before, I thought about my mother, hundreds of miles away, and I quit right about the same place she stopped me, and I have never yet taken my third lesson. Hence with my weakness for slang you never see any of the very popular card slang in the Blade. I can't catch on because I do not know what it means.

My wife and the children and I all play back-gummon and chess, and I think it is well for children to learn them, but draw the line at cards.

The boy who at college wanted to teach me cards has since spent his fortune, drank about 100 barrels of whiskey, got to be a leader in Democratic politics, and wound up by being a devoted Episcopalian, that speaks in public, and is now highly honored.

May be if I had learned to play cards and drink whisky, instead of fooling with theology I would have been an honored man too, by this time. But I have missed my opportunity, and will eke out

an obscure existence as an ink-slinger against the gin-slinger. Gambling is taught in Lexington by the Kindergarten system. It begins with a Jew-harp in a popcorn package. In the Sophomore year they have the live pony in the window of a clothing store, and the "grab-bag" at a church fair.

In the Junior year they have the raffles for music boxes and crazy quilts, and in the Senior year they shoot each other as "book markers," and get drunk and kill each other, as they have done in the last few days, out at the Lexington race course.

And thus, as says the poet, "Tall ashes from little toe-corns grow."

By people who like that kind of business, that kind of business is very much liked.

Another Prohibition "Blade," and Published at Elkhorn.

I am in receipt of the first issue of a Prohibition paper called "The Blade," published at a town named Elkhorn in Wisconsin.

This is a sort of coincidence when it is remembered that I have told you that I live on the banks of a stream named Elkhorn. It is also a little remarkable that when I selected the name for my paper, though I knew of the Toledo Blade I did not know it was a Prohibition paper.

We have therefore, in Prohibition entirely, three Blades.

The salutary of the Elkhorn Blade says:

The Blade is a paper which will in politics support the Prohibition party, national and state. Believing, as we do that the liquor traffic is the "crime of crimes, the sum of all villainies," and the cause of more of the crime and financial distress than all other causes combined, it shall be the aim of The Blade to try to make others so believe, not, however, to the exclusion of other questions upon which the well-being and prosperity of the country may depend.

The Wisconsin Blade is perhaps somewhat more dignified than the Bluegrass Blade, but I don't see that deep toned piety in any of them that you find in the Bluegrass Blade.

You see none of them have been preachers like I have, and when it comes to theology I can get away with any of them, and when one of these preacher-for-revenue-only fellows, goes for woman suffrage or that old gag about "letting a woman learn in silence," and that chestnut about Prohibition "carrying politics into the pulpit," I hold all the trumps and can beat them at their own game.

Our Wisconsin brother has my blessing.

Bro. Goddard Gives me a lot of Tally Just to get to Scold me.

The best friend that the Blade and I have in the whole world, is W. W. Goddard, of Harrodsburg, Ky.

In describing his lovely home and lovely family, and telling about his noble character in the Blade lately, I joyfully alluded to his buying a part of his fine farm "for spite," supposing that my Pickwickian use of language was, in that sentence, evident, and that no man would suppose that such a man could really have done anything "for spite," much less buy one of the finest farms in the state.

But he is a man of the most refined sensibilities and he gives me a good scolding.

His letter is as follows.

HARRODSBURG, KY., Apr.—1891

Dear Bro. Moore.

From the reading of the first number of the Blue Grass Blade, and before I had ever seen you or heard of you, I marked you at once for a man of pure heart and born for a special purpose; that purpose being to assist in banishing from our beloved country, a sin a shame and disgrace to the civilization and Christianity of the age.

The bold, I might say hazardous, onslaught made against the whisky element of the country by you, never was surpassed by grand old Cassius Clay, and I will still hope may be attended with the same glorious results.

Still believing you to be pure and conscientious in your every act, I can not find it in my heart to breathe a harsh word to you.

But, O, my esteemed Brother, let me beg, implore, pray you to consult some more considerate friend before putting into print such articles as you sometimes let get away with your better self.

Your visit to our house was ap-

preciated and highly enjoyed, but when we read your report of it in the Blade, we were indeed made sad and sorry.

'Tis true, to the letter, that spite had much to do in the purchase of the land, but that was a private matter, and the party who owned it has been dead many years, leaving behind him a highly respectable and cultivated family, for none of whom have we ever had one unkind feeling, and therefore deeply regret that it should ever have appeared in print.

But as I have said I can find no hard words for you, but hope for heaven's blessing on you and your family, and grand success for the Blade and the glorious cause it advocates.

Your Brother and Friend,
W. W. GODDARD.

If Bro. Goddard is going to be a "strict constructionist" in his interpretation of the Blade, then I must say that I do not believe one word of his own statement that "spite had much to do in the purchase of the land."

In all deference to his judgment and candor I must insist that I said it exactly right when I first wrote it. His is a character simply incapable of spite, but just as I said at first, the peculiar circumstances under which he bought the land, as compared with other things that I had seen and heard about him looked just a little like spite.

He had no purpose to injure anybody by what he did, and all parties concerned were benefited by what he did, and they respect and love him until this day.

I will leave it to the whole of Harrodsburg to say if I am not right about it.

I may have said in the piece, something that were wrong—guess I did so; nearly always say something wrong in anything I write—but I did not say anything that involved Bro. Goddard, and I will bet him a barrel of flour for the benefit of the poor of Harrodsburg, that a majority of the people to whom the Blade goes at Harrodsburg, will not so decide. Their names are: J. O. Dedman, D. J. Curry, L. J. Terhune, R. Nuckols, W. W. Goddard, R. C. Goddard, George Handy, W. Jones, George Bohon, J. Rogers, J. P. Coleman, J. A. Williams, T. C. Coleman, H. C. Bohon, B. L. Hardin, N. Lafon, J. C. Robinson, A. B. Bonta, Isaac Terhune, Judge Poston, S. Hanford, A. S. Vivian, C. P. Springer, Judge Tabbetts, J. H. Henderson, J. D. Bryant, W. H. Crutcher, G. Vivian, Bunnell & Jones and the Harrodsburg Democrat.

I want to call the attention of the readers of The Blade to one fact.

The Ensign, which prints the comment upon the Blade is printed in Unessville, Connecticut, and it is a Rationalistic (with a big R) and a Prohibition (with a big P) newspaper, and it don't care a darn who knows it.

Some people are trying to destroy my influence, by asserting that under the guise of advocating Prohibition I am trying to instill Rationalism.

For me to do this would make me a liar and a hypocrite, and you can't find any first-class man in Fayette County who says I am built that way, and if you go to Dog Fennell and say that they will tell you that you are a liar. The man who thinks I would not chuck the Blade full of Rationalism from that katawampus *five sinile* or mine at the top of the first column on the first page, to the bottom of the last column, to the last page, if I wanted to do it, thinks a lie as big as poor old dead Jumbo.

And when I wrote Rationalism there would be no more doubt about what I meant than when I write Prohibition.

Whatever I may personally be or believe, or not believe, or whatever my book may say or not say, is a horse of another color; I only insist that the Blade is not *really* or *apparently*, *de facto* or *quasi* a Rationalistic paper, or any part or parcel of such a paper.

I have challenged the public, collectively and individually, to call from the Blade samples of my alleged Rationalism and send them to me, with the statement that I would print them, if it took a whole side of the Blade. Thus they have declined to do, and I insist, now that the races are on, that they ought to "put up or shut up."

I do not know of any Rationalistic Prohibition paper in the United States except "The Ensign," and its evidently kind feel-

ing for me and the Blade would make him glad to take me into its arms if he could do so, but he plainly says of the Blade, "The Editor has, evidently, but one purpose and that is to make Prohibition votes. He is intensely radical, but whether we follow him in all things or not, we admire his singleness of purpose. With him, certainly, Prohibition is not a disguise for some other purpose."

In other words a paper that is plainly Rationalistic and Prohibitionist endorses me as a Prohibitionist and repudiates me as a Rationalist.

The Ensign and I—while I endorsed every word he said in the issue to which my published comment alludes,—are in one most important particular diametrically opposed in our ideas of the means to be employed, though we are absolutely congenial as to the end to be attained.

The Ensign deprecates "any attempt to unite religion and politics." But the Blade says of the very essence of the Christian religion, and of its politics, that "United they stand, divided they fall"—one and inseparable; now and forever, world without end. Amen.

Now it seems to me that a mountain bull that could not understand that ought to be bored for the hollow horn, and that a blind horse ought to see the difference.

I hate to have to say so much on this point, but it is a pivotal one, of such radical and fundamental importance that I can not ignore it, and it is a point which is continually and persistently being thrust into me, and I have just enough of the mule in me to make me kick when I am spurred.

I believe that the Christian religion ought to make a man feel happy and jolly whenever he can feel that way, and even then he will find plenty of times to feel blue when he can't feel happy. I have gone like "McGinty" "to the bottom" of "Slings of Despond" that old John Bunyan never dreamed of; and the whole universe has taken on a deep coerulean hue, like I was looking through sore-eyed spectacles.

I have heard asked the question, "Is life worth living?" and heard the answer that "It depends on the liver," and have wondered if even that were true, though "Hollman's Pads" grew on trees.

I want to knock out all this stuff they call religion, that makes a man look like he had the grip, and go bogging about with a face as long as a bear's nose, and throw such a damper over you that a man can feel a cold chill run down his leg, like a streak of lightning down a telegraph pole, and a woman—well she can feel it run down the leg of her chair.

I have my way of getting at this and other people have theirs.

I want every man to "be fully persuaded in his own mind," and so speak and so act.

Brethren treat fair and give me a show for my white alley.

Col. Ingersoll's Last Utterances.

The avidity with which the American people receive the last utterances of Col. Ingersoll has been lately strikingly exemplified, and the manner in which that appetite has been supplied is a tribute to American journalism.

Last Saturday night the Globe Democrat, of St. Louis, got the news that the "New York Press" would have in it on Sunday morning a letter from Ingersoll. The G-D, then wired the Press to wire the letter to the G-D, saying that the G-D would pay the Press's price for using it, and would credit it to the Press. The Press with great lack of journalistic courtesy, refused to do this.

The G-D, then wired its New York agent to wait at the Press office and get the first copy of the Press that was obtainable, and sent the letter of Col. Ingersoll to four pieces and wire it to St. Louis by four lines. Both the Press and the G-D go to press at 12 o'clock at night, but there is a difference of an hour between St. Louis and New York, in this instance in favor of St. Louis.

When the New York Press had its edition ready for the mail at 1 o'clock the St. Louis Globe-Democrat had its edition ready for the 1 o'clock mail with Col. Ingersoll's letter in it, and the letter was credited to the New York Press; a beautiful instance of journalistic amenity on the part of the G-D.

The Editor of the G-D, explains editorially that while he does not personally accept the views of Col. Ingersoll his readers demand the most interesting news—a tribute to the Colonel higher than the

editor's personal endorsement.

Col. Ingersoll's letter is, I think, the first instance in which I have detected in him the "Homeric nod."

It is probably more radical than usual, but it lacks some of his wanted snap and vivacity, and I think is, to some extent, a revamp.

"The Ensign"—A Connecticut Rationalistic Prohibition Paper on the Blade.

Last month we inserted a brief complimentary notice of the Blue Grass Blade, the Prohibition paper of Lexington, Ky. The editor almost took the breath out of us by returning the compliment with words of greater praise than we deserve. Among other things he said:

The Ensign came to me when I was busy, but I stopped to read a few lines that caught my eye and I did not stop until I had carefully read every line in it, and if every preacher on my list kicks when I say it, I am going to say all the same, that although I have seen newspapers enough to make a stack as high as the cross on St. Paul's down Short street, that's the first newspaper I ever saw every word of which I endorsed.

It is not large, but it is morally, intellectually and mechanically the cleanest newspaper I ever saw.

That little paper costs 25 cents a year, and I hope lots of people from this State and everywhere the Blade goes, New York, Massachusetts, Florida, Texas, California and Japan, will send and get it.

Unlike the Blade, another Prohibition organ has studiously ignored our existence, and a temperance leader, in the State returned the specimen copy sent him with the emphatic words, "not wanted." It is a pity that men, to gratify some spite or foolish prejudice, will act against the best interest of their party. We say be friendly with every one, treat even Satan himself with courtesy, if there is the slightest hope of making votes by so doing. A year or two ago, the editor of this paper sent a communication to a Prohibition organ charging the leaders of this party with using this political organization to increase the membership of certain Protestant churches. The latter was never printed and the writer of it began to think that perhaps he was mistaken. But, every now and then, something happens to revive his former suspicion, until he is almost forced to believe that he was right, after all. If he was, then no wonder the temperance party does not increase. We say nothing against church work, but splitting up an entire political party, for kindling wood to light the gospel fires is not the thing. Cheaper fuel can be had than this. Any attempt to unite religion and politics always ends in making one subservient to the other.

We object to any class, sect or party having a monopoly of the temperance cause. For this reason, we have enlisted in behalf of the temperance League, determined that there shall be at least one organization where all who favor this cause may meet together and work in unity; where temperance shall be the sole work, absolutely independent of every outside influence.

We commend the Blade for this very reason, that the editor has, evidently, but one purpose and that is to make Prohibition votes. He is intensely radical, but whether we follow him in all things or not we admire his singleness of purpose. With him, certainly, Prohibition is not a disguise for some other purpose. His paper has taken a vacation of a week or two, until he can get supplied with material to do his own printing, and then he promises to be as lively and interesting as ever.

He Answered his own Question.

The Whisky Question is all "riled up" at Dr. S. F. Smith, of Frankfort, Ky., for something the Dr. said about the Voice. Dr. Smith is one of the "hardwork-inges" Prohibitionists in the United States and we wonder how friend Schuster, editor of the Champion, felt before he felt the feeling he felt before tackling Dr. Smith.—The Indiana Phalanx.

Vy he felt Schuster lecture riled, ov gourse.

Sauvages Versus Sauvages.

I most heartily endorse the letter and spirit of the communication in this issue, from Dr. Smith, of Paducah, to Dr. Barrow, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements in this city.

Not to use any circumlocution about it, all the doctors in town, and the country circumlocution are fixing to get drunk here on May 27th.

That's just the size of it. They are going to have a big banquet and have liquor, and nearly every son of Hypocrites, Galen, Esculapins or whoever it is, that's the daddy of all the doctors, will get drunk, and some of them will be "sepulchral in vino." Of course they will not admit that, but they are going to have wine, and they will nearly every one drink it, and it will make all of them more or less drunk, except one or two instances in which the parties are old whisky soaks to whom wine would be almost like water.

I think this is not only unbecoming, but that these gentlemen have no right to do this. These gentlemen have been entrusted, to a great extent, with the lives of the people.

There are prominent railroad corporations that will not employ any man in any position that is at all responsible, who uses any liquor. These same physicians that will drink wine at this banquet will commend these railroad corporations, and yet they propose in this prominent and official manner to put themselves into a condition where their profession tells them that they are intellectually and physically incompetent to discharge their duties, and where they will by their example encourage that which their special skill tells them is, more than any dozen diseases in this country, tainting not only the physical but the moral nature of men.

I never was at an editorial association, but I understand that at their last meetings they have declined to have any liquors, because they thought it was unbecoming. If all the preachers in the country should have a big meeting here and all get on a big jamboree, it would be exceedingly unbecoming; but drunken preachers and drunken editors both are not so dangerous citizens as drunken doctors, who have the lives of the people in their hands.

I believe that physicians as a class are the richest men of any one calling. In the whole city of Lexington, I can only recall one who is a black sheep in the lot.

They are as a class, too cultivated and too refined to require to be reasoned with in a matter of this kind. They are, on the other hand, the very men to whom society has a right to look for a correction of the very evil they are thus fostering. They know that in the higher classes of society, nearly all of the instances of ruined young men, had their start right in such occasions as this very thing these gentlemen are proposing.

The low born and unenlightened and uneducated very naturally go to the saloons the very first step of their downward career, but naturally many well reared young men who would be ashamed to be seen entering places especially conducted for drinking purposes, would be influenced to indulge in liquors by seeing so highly respectable a body of gentlemen as these physicians—who are supposed to be specially informed as to whether there is any danger in liquor—thus publicly, by their example, encourage its use.

Lexington has had some frightful instances of what whisky can do for the medical fraternity; and I suppose that nearly all of it started in the use of liquors in the high toned way that these physicians now propose to use it.

When I first came to Lexington, nearly twenty years ago, I selected as my family physician the man who had had the greatest opportunities for knowing his profession in the finest schools of Europe.

I went one night for him, in a great hurry for my dangerously ill child. I found him, after great delay, in a club room at the Phoenix Hotel.

Years ago he died a drunkard. I saw it was injustice to my family to employ such a man, and selected what I thought was the next most skilled in his profession, and was told that he was a heavy drinker, as I subsequently found to be true.

In the past few years the physician of the city who had the largest practice in it, began wine drinking, and in a short time was in an inebriate asylum and then in a lunatic asylum. Three

other doctors that I now recall have died here from whisky drinking within a few years, and another one, as kind a hearted man as I ever knew is wrecked in fortune and profession because he was the victim of the liquor appetite.

The physician who was probably the most popular one that ever lived here died from drunkenness.

Under the circumstances I can not well conceive of anything that would seem more inappropriate than that the physicians of this city should invite their brethren from all over the state to come here with the expectation of making liquor drinking one feature of their entertainment.

"As ye Would that Others Should do Unto You."

You never heard me, orally or in writing, ask anybody to take the Blade, and I do not claim for my paper, like editors generally do for their papers, that it is an institution that the public is under moral obligations to support, and something that no well regulated family can afford to do without.

On the other hand I see things in nearly every issue of it that I do not approve of. They look so much worse in print than they do in pencil mark when I write them that I am unable to gauge them right.

Fact is I am incapable of making the conventional, and perhaps proper, discrimination between things that are equally true.

There is only one favor that I ask of the public, and that is that when my paper comes to you, you will either take it and pay me for it, or drop me a postal telling me that you intend to pay me for it at some reasonably early date, or that you do not intend to take it, or you can just decline to take it out of the office in which case it is the duty of the post-master so to inform me.

But to let your paper run on for months without saying anything about it, gives me trouble and inconvenience, even though you may intend to pay for it. But to let it run on for months and then write me a note abusing me about my religion, or irreligion as you may prefer to call it, and not pay me either, is a little rough on me.

I took me two days to write the wrappers and address the papers of my last issue, and I want to save that labor by using a mailing machine and printing your names on the papers. But I do not want to incur the expense of putting your addresses in type unless I have reason to believe that you are going to pay me.

All the time either at my own suggestion or that of others, new names are going on my list. Last week about 170 names were added. One of them was the Rev. Dr. Fraser, a Presbyterian minister of this city. He declined to take it by writing on the margin a half dozen words that were so reasonable and kind and sensible and gentlemanly that my very high regard for the gentleman is not in the least diminished.

It's none of my business, nor anybody else's, to ask why he does not want the paper. It may have been because he disliked the tone of it, or because he did not have the money to spare to pay for it, or he didn't have time to read it, or just didn't want it, on general principles. Any of those reasons or any other reasons, or no reason at all, are equally satisfactory to me.

If you think you can't stop my paper without saying something hard about me, why just fire into me with both barrels and say it; but at any rate please stop it if you are not willing to pay me for it, or to tell me that you are going to do it.

You can see the style of it in almost any number, and if you don't like it you need not let it come to you with the expectation that it's going to get any better, for it's just as apt to get worse as to get better.

Just a Little Slice of "Lex Tall-ents."

Although not sanctioning the use of slang and consequent marring of the beauty in pure English diction, yet it does seem that Kentucky has needed just such a writer as Charles C. Moore, to handle the whisky question. The Blade creates quite a breeze among toddy-drinking, barroom-yelling church chieftains.

That's kindly said, Brother, and I appreciate it, and your criticism is probably just. I abominate circumlocution like nature abhors

a vacuum, and I write slang because it's the shortest way to get there.

But as I am throwing bricks, bats, and not bluegrass turf and bouquets, at the boy in the apple tree, purity of diction is only secondary to me.

As an educator you are bound to defend that. But allow me to suggest to you that perspicuity in expression is essential, and that terseness is desirable. If you will read over your first sentence you will find that it does not say which of us it is that does not "sanction the use of slang."

Of course *inter vos* it is understood that I sling slang and you do not, but your paper supposedly goes to some readers who do not understand my peculiarities, or weaknesses, if you please.

The average reader of that class would suppose from your statement that one of my peculiarities is a fastidious aversion to slang, and that you were rather reproaching me for a prudish punctiliousness on that score.

Instead of sanctioning the use of that word "yet" as you do, you would be a benefactor to the English language if you would knock it out. It's redundant.

Allow me then please, to write a part of that first sentence for you.

"Though we do not sanction the use of slang and the consequent marring of the beauty of pure English diction, it seems that Kentucky has"

I generally write English more "as she is spoke" than in compliance with the precepts of the lamented Mr. Murray, but if you get me stirred up on syntax and the idiosyncrasies of the American language you will find I'm lightning.

A Grand-Son of Barton W. Stone, on the Blade and my Book, "The Rational View." How my Sister Died a Year ago.

Barton W. Shackelford, of St. Joseph, Mo.—a grand-son of Barton W. Stone—in a letter to the Blade of April 18th says:

"We have greatly enjoyed your editorials, Cousin Charley, and I hope I have received a benefit from them as well, in other ways besides mere enjoyment. I have never in all my life elsewhere found more downright fearlessness in speaking for what you honestly believe to be the truth. And your ideas are not only given independently and fearlessly, but your views are nothing if not original. And when you step a little aside to expose the errors of modern religion, and cause the dry bones of orthodoxy to rattle, and stir up the average pulpit pounder, as you occasionally have done, there is no uncertain sound in your music."

I have greatly enjoyed this, because it is supplying a "long felt want"—doing that which few have had the courage to attempt.

Now I sincerely hope nothing serious has occurred to obstruct your path of usefulness, and that the way may remain clear to you for many years to come—health and life spared not only to yourself but to your good wife and family.

Thanking you for your kindness in sending me not only the Blue Grass Blade but also the "Rational View" (which I hope to be able in time to commit to memory) I hope to be able to get even or nearly so, sometime, for your kindness."

Of course this cordially appreciation of my paper and book should be received, not merely "cum grano salis," but with several barrels of salt.

Further on in his letter my kinsman asks me some of the particulars of the death of my sister Mrs. Hannah M. Grissim, of Georgetown. Of course it is principally a matter of personal interest, but as the circumstances of her death were of peculiar interest, and she had a large and broadly scattered circle of devoted friends, some of whom may not have heard the circumstances, I beg leave to tell of them.

Mrs. Grissim died on the 11th day of last May, aged about 65 years.

I think that for natural endowments of head and heart, and for literary attainments, the three combined I never knew her equal. And her children, themselves far more than ordinarily blessed, have risen up to call her blessed.

On that beautiful day in May, my sister was walking, on Sunday, from a service at the Christian church in Georgetown, her only son and Judge James Y.

Kelly being on either side of her. They had gotten to within a few steps of her home, and they were discussing, in a most pleasant mood, that made my sister smile while she was talking, a question which had engaged the attention of the congregation for a part of the time that day.

They were arranging to build a new church, and the discussion was to whether it should be built on the old site or on a new one; my sister favoring the old one.

In the midst of a sentence, and with a smile on her lips, she sank down supported by her son and Judge Kelly and was dead.

The last that any human being ever saw her face it had that smile on it.

She was a studious reader of the finest literature, and among other things had read largely of both sides of the question of religion, and I never saw in her or heard from her, any evidence that she did not accept Christianity in its most orthodox interpretation, and she was a bright model of the practical life of the Christian code.

I would not say this if I did not feel assured, that the people of Georgetown without reference to sex, race or social condition, would sanction what I write.

How Italy Would Look us in the Event of a War.

Bro. Blaine, as a diplomat and strategist in the Italian imbroglio, has been, by the American people, applauded to the echo, and if you don't keep a look out he is fixing things so as to get us the worst thrashing that a people ever got.

As the English journals suggest, it is no proper answer to the government of Europe that the peculiar construction of our government is such that the head of the government must wait until it has been heard from one of its members, a state.

Without arguing the point, any dispassionate man can see that it would not be business for Italy to recognize the State of Louisiana in the case, but must at once look for satisfactory palliation or indemnity to Washington.

There is no doubt that the United States is responsible for a fearful outrage upon two Italian citizens, and the reply of Mr. Blaine to a dignified demand by the Italian government is a laughable, patronizing, iron-hand in velvet glove *coup d'état*, the American of which is the bulldozing of a people supposed physically inferior.

It is a fact that the Italians are a svelte sticking, bull fighting, guitar drumming, macaroni eating, opera singing, picture painting, organ grinding, toe kissing, peanut selling, shrine worshiping people—the degenerate sons of the noblest sons of earth; and yet Italy, like her Vesuvius, has a pent up fire that can do the Hercules and Pompeii act for the whole United States before you can say Jack Robinson, when Leo XIII. tells his followers to let loose the dogs of war.

A man who knows anything about the history of the Catholic church, knows that no oath of allegiance of any Catholic to any government, though made on a stack of Bibles as high as the moon, amounts to a row of pins against their loyalty to the Pope, and I do not suppose there is a Catholic in Lexington that will deny this.

The United States has 8,000,000 of Catholics in it, with a solid Catholic country on the South and a semi-Catholic country on the North. The only thoroughly Protestant country in the world is England, and broadside of it is Catholic Ireland that simply waits its opportunity, and beside this, Protestant England would not espouse the cause of quasi Protestant America, because it is to the interest of the English government to show the weakness of any republican government.

All the Catholic powers of Europe would combine as soon as the Pope said it was necessary to do so to protect the Pontificate. Russia, with its Greek church that is as near Catholic as Protestant, would remain neutral, and divided Protestant America would be over-run by the allied solid Catholic armies of the world.

Another Preacher on my Side—A Chip of the Old Block.

FLEMINGSBURG, Ky. Apr. 27 '91
C. C. Moore, Lexington.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed find my check for \$2—for Blade.

Success to you in your warfare against immorality of all kinds.

Yours,
J. W. McGarvey, Jr.

An Elegant Line of NEW SPRING GOODS!

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I Don't Like Dr. Smith's "Witness."

I have just received the first copy of "The Witness"—published by Dr. S. F. Smith of Frankfort, Ky.—and I don't like it bad.

He is a Prohibitionist and his paper claims to be "Devoted to Woman Suffrage and to the promotion of purity in politics." His principles upon those two points are right, but he has an awful way of getting at them.

Bad grammar is bad enough, but bad spirit is too bad. He and I are all hunky, but I must, for the sake of the Prohibition cause, tell him that his statements about the New York Voice are absurd and calculated to injure the Prohibition cause if their absurdity were not so palpable.

As Chairman of the Seventh District I wrote to the Doctor sometime since, and in his reply to me he lampooned the New York Voice, saying it had "done more for the whisky traffic than a thousand little whisky papers could have done."

I published Dr. Smith's letter and now "The Voice" comes back at the Doctor, with an elephantine kind of a kick. When a fellow kicks I like to see him do it with the energetic pointedness and despatch of a mule.

In reply the doctor says: "The above statement was not written for publication, nor to 'The Voice,' but as 'The Voice' has obtained it in some way, and has given it to the world, we renew the affirmation."

Though the Voice is published as a temperance paper, its influence is on the side of whisky, and is doing the Prohibition cause much injury. By publishing saloon maps and business letters of whisky men, it defeated Prohibition in Pennsylvania, Texas and Nebraska.

If the Prohibitionists had been spent the money spent on "The Voice," on county papers, the Prohibition party would today be a live and growing party. But alas, they have put their money into one Voice, and that voice has sung the wrong tune.

Though the Prohibition party has made a great mistake, and the party is stranded, there will be a new Reform party organized at Cincinnati, May 19, and all true Reformers will press into it.

We can not afford to let talk of that kind go unrebuked.

The editors of "The Voice" are men of heart and brains and energy and money, and they are putting them all into their paper, and I do not believe that there is to-day, in the whole world, a paper that's doing as much as "The Voice" to promote good works and human happiness.

The Cincinnati meeting to which the Doctor refers is some Farmers Alliance doings.

I am a farmer myself, and make my living out of the ground, but I do not want to ally with any Alliance that fostered that pernicious Sub-Treasury scheme, and lusted the Argentine Republic.

I move that we put an extinguisher on "The Witness."

The gentlemanly way to say it.

STANDFORD, Ky. Apr. 22, '91.
Mr. Charles C. Moore.

You have been sending me the Blade for some weeks.

If you will state the amount due you for same, I will pay it.

I think it is a good paper of the sort, but I do not desire it.

Please discontinue.

Respectfully,
Joseph Ballou.

Thank you, you are a gentleman. You do not owe me a cent.

I sent it at my own risk at the suggestion of a mutual friend. If all others who do not want it will be kind enough to inform me in the same way I shall be obliged.

Editor.

Complimentary Mention of the Blade's Lady Typos.

Miss Ella Wolf, for several months compositor in the Enterprise office, is now at work upon the Blue Grass Blade; she and her sister Miss Venie, doing all the type setting upon the paper.

Miss Ella is a careful, pains-taking lady, and Bro. Moore is to be congratulated upon receiving so valuable an assistant.—Georgetown Enterprise.

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